

ALBION Restored,

O R

Time turned Oculist :

A

M A S Q U E.

*Grey bearded Time hath got the key,
And in his pocket lodg'd it ;
As soon as e'er he gives it me,
I'll certainly divulge it.*



L O N D O N :

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TO THE
GRAND PRESIDENT,
THE
PRESIDENTS and OFFICERS,
AND TO
THE BRETHREN in GENERAL,
OF THE
LAUDABLE ORDER of
ANTI-GALLICANS,

THIS MASQUE
IS HUMBLY DEDICATED,
BY THE AUTHOR,
A True ANTI-GALLICAN.

Dramatis Personæ.

ALBION.

MINERVA.

FAME.

SAGE.

FORTUNE.

TIME.

COMUS.

BACCHUS.

Aerial Spirits.

Bacchanals.



ALBION Restored,

O R

Time turned Oculist.



SCENE I.

A rocky cliff with a view of the ocean.

ALBION *discovered sitting in a melancholy posture.*

She rises.

RECITATIVE.

ALBION.

* H *
* * *
OW long shall I distrest with constant care,
Thus wander, pensive, wretched and forlorn?

How long shall GAUL's proud sons my honours share,

And laugh my former glories into scorn?

Ye

Ye floods where once my fons superior rode,
 In arms ne'er tardy, nor to conquest slow;
 Who chas'd injustice from her curs'd abode,
 With deaf'ning thunder aw'd the trembling
 foe,
 Bear witness now, oh see the fatal change!
 Their laurels fade, their ancient spirits gone,
 Whilst wild destruction takes her bloody range,
 See me deserted, basely left alone!

MINERVA *descends.*

RECITATIVE.

MINERVA.

ALBION behold! MINERVA now appears,
 To sooth thy woes, and dry up all thy tears,
 To point the way to happiness and peace,
 Redress thy wrongs, and bid thy troubles cease.

ALBION.

Oh great MINERVA! if thou canst restore
 The ancient spirit of my fons once more,
 ALBION again her wretched head shall rear,
 Again rejoice, and banish ev'ry fear.

MINERVA.

A M A S Q U E

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MINERVA.

Almighty Jove will grant thy just desire,
Re-animate thy sons with martial fire !
But see the cause thy sons degen'rate prove,
The fatal source from whence thy sorrows move.

*Enter COMUS and his companions, and BACCHUS
attended by bacchanals.*

A I R.

BACCHUS.

COMUS kindly lead the way,
To joy and pleasure give the day :
The day's insipid robb'd of thee,
Thou soul of mirth and jollity.

CHORUS of Bacchanals.

The day's insipid robb'd of thee, &c.

[Exeunt.]

RECITATIVE.

MINERVA.

These are thy sons, and these their base desires,
Virtue is fled, extinguish'd all her fires !

By

By such as these, ne'er hope renown to gain,
While thus to vice they give the willing rein.

ALBION.

Alas! I see, with grief and anger see,
My sons debas'd, and ripe for misery!
But thy fair promise sounds still in my ears,

MINERVA.

All-pitying Jove beholds thy flowing tears;
By his command I now point out to thee,
The only way to Peace and Victory;

Long in a dull and dreary barren wild,
A Sage, by envy's fatal pow'r beguil'd,
Has been chain'd, in her base fetters bound,
No friendly aid to raise him from the ground:
Jove has in him bestow'd superior skill,
He knows the fatal source of ev'ry ill;
He knows the way thy glory to regain,
And by his aid thou shalt be blest again.

ALBION.

Oh! lead, with joy thy steps I will attend,
And to the Sage my best assistance lend:

All

A MASQUE.

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All-gracious Jove has heard my suppliant pray'r,
And guards his ALBION with peculiar care.

[*Exeunt.*]



SCENE II.

The Scene opens and discovers a Temple.

BACCHUS *seated on his tun, with his Bacchanals
surrounding him.*

COMUS *is brought in by some of BACCHUS's
companions, and presented to BACCHUS.*

COMUS *bows to all.*

A I R.

BACCHUS.

While the happy minutes pass,
While we quaff the mantling glass,
None so happy are as we,
None so jovial, brisk and free.

[COMUS *kneels and BACCHUS
gives him his goblet.*]

B

BAC-

10 A L B I O N *Restor'd:*

B A C C H U S.

What cannot this juice inspire?
Love and courage, gay desire
Dance and skip around the brim,
Sorrow durst not venture in.

[*COMUS drinks and returns the goblet.*]

A I R.

C O M U S.

Thus jovial and free
Let's united agree
To cast away sorrow and care;
Ne'er think of to-morrow,
This moment we'll borrow,
Of joy let us each take a share.

Then ye mortals be wise,
Grave notions despise,
That forbid us to laugh and to drink;
Such *choice spirits* as we,
Will for ever be free,
'Tis a toil and a madness to think.

C H O R U S.

Such *choice spirits* as we, &c.

A I R.

A M A S Q U E.

II

A I R.

A BACCHANAL.

Love and mirth, and wine uniting,
Fills our souls with joys sublime ;
Lur'd by pleasures so inviting,
Who would grudge to spend his time ?

Snarling cynicks that despise us,
Yet in secret court the bliss,
May with sober face advise us,
Liking what they call amiss:

But we boldly take our pleasure,
And despise their empty rules ;
Fill up all our joyous measure,
Laugh at such dissembling fools.

GRAND CHORUS.

But we boldly take our pleasure, &c.

[The bacchanals and COMUS's companions perform a dance with goblets in their hands.]

[BACCHUS nods over his tun.]

[The bacchanals at the end of the dance grow tipsy, and run against one another]

[BACCHUS and COMUS rise and with their companions stagger off the stage.]

B 2

S C E N E.



S C E N E III.

The Sage is discovered chained in a cave.

Enter ALBION and MINERVA.

MINERVA.

See, ALBION, where, extended on the ground,
The Sage is laid, in cruel fetters bound ;
Unloose his chains and with them burst thy
own,
His aid shall fix thee firmly on the throne ;
With warlike spirit shall thy sons inspire,
Once more re-kindle virtue's sacred fire !

[ALBION looses the Sage.]

ALBION.

Rise injured man, from envy's bands set free,
I view a genius and a friend in thee.

SAGE.

If Jove, who thus has set me free, ordains
That I should break great ALBION's heavy
chains ; The

The mighty honour I'll with joy embrace,
And prove the future guardian of her race.

ALBION.

COMUS with all his revel riot reigns,
InFORTUNE's court and leads my sons in chains;
Stupid, enervate, all the mispent day,
They waste their time, and dream their hours
away ;

Be this thy care to drive them forth with speed,
Pleas'd will MINERVA aid thee in the deed.

SAGE.

With joy I go thy sorrows to redress,
And with MINERVA doubt not sure success,

RECITATIVE.

MINERVA.

Hail ye sweet harmonious spheres,
That charm immortals list'ning ears;
Now your soothing power display
To drive my ALBION's cares away.

soft musick.

A I R.

A I R.

MINERVA.

Bright inhabitants of air,
 Ever happy, ever free;
 You, who know no grief nor care,
 Swift descend, descend to me.

Your transparent forms prepare,
 Deck'd with robes of shining light,
 Cleave the sweet ætherial air,
 T'give my ALBION soft delight.

[Spirits descend, and perform a dance.]

A I R.

First SPIRIT:

ALBION now no longer languish,
 Rack'd by sorrow and dismay,
 Quickly Heav'n shall ease thy anguish,
 Chace thy ev'ry care away.

Guardian spirits hover round you,
 To keep thee still from danger free;
 Fear no ill that may surround you,
 Still we're nigh to succour thee.

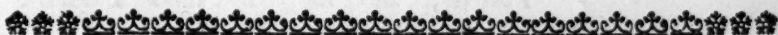
Chorus

Chorus of Spirits.

Fear no ill that may surround, &c.

[*Ascend.*

[*Exeunt omnes.*



SCENE IV.

The Temple of FORTUNE.

FORTUNE seated on her wheel, surrounded by
COMUS, BACCHUS, and their companions, &c.

The Sage enters with MINERVA.

COMUS &c. kneel to FORTUNE.

A I R.

COMUS.

Great FORTUNE thus beneath thy shrine.

We bow, and own thy power divine,

Our queen, our goddess prove ;

From thee rich gifts for ever flow,

Thy blessings then on us bestow,

Let us thy favour move.

CHO-

CHORUS.

Queen of blessings here below,
We thy humble suppliants bow

[FORTUNE *bestows her favours a-
round, at last crowns FOLLY
with a laurel crown.*]

TIME *descends.*

A I R.

TIME.

Great FORTUNE shall bestow no more,
Laurel crowns on every fool;
This juice her sight shall soon restore,
Her future gifts shall reason rule.

[TIME *advances with a vial, and
applies the juice to FORTUNE's
eyes.*]

[FORTUNE *suddenly sees, plucks
with rage the crown from FOLLY's
head, and, together with TIME,
&c. drives COMUS, BACCHUS,
&c. off the stage.*]

A I R.

A MASQUE.

17

A I R.

T I M E.

Ye sons of freedom rise,
From drowsy slumbers wake !
The Gallic chain despise,
Your honour's now at stake.

Let thirst of fame your bosoms fill,
Great ALBION's sons shall conquer still.

Long hath their tow'ring pride,
Aspir'd to rule the main ;
Our fertile lands divide,
Despotic pow'r maintain.

Unite, assert your ancient claim,
Still ALBION's sons are dear to fame.

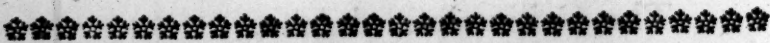
Stern NEPTUNE vows with scorn,
(For Gaul's insulting boasts)
Their spoils shall soon adorn
Fair ALBION's happy coasts.

C

Glory

Glory each free born breast' shall fill,
And ALBION's sons shall conquer still.

[*Exeunt*]



SCENE V.

The magnificent temple of FAME.

Enter ALBION, MINERVA, FORTUNE, and attendants.

FAME descends from her throne to meet them:

D U E T T.
MINERVA.

The glorious minute now draws near,
When ALBION's foes no more shall boast;
No more shall fill her sons with fear,
Nor dare insult her happy coast.

F A M E.

Great NEPTUNE shall his empire share,
With ALBION, and resounding fame

Shall

Shall spread around through earth and air,
Her mighty deeds and glorious name.

M I N E R V A.

Her sons by virtue then inspir'd,
Shall future fields of glory gain,
Restore the fame they once acquir'd,
And o'er their foes triumphant reign.

[Shouts at a distance.]

*[The Sage enters at the head
of a company of Young
Men armed, leading in the
Genius of France in chains.]*

[The Sage kneels to ALBION]

R E C I T A T I V E.

S A G E.

Once more thy sons have tam'd the haughty
GAUL,
Beneath their arms their foes enervate fall ;
Bound fast in chains the Gallic Genius see,
ALBION's restor'd to Peace and Liberty !

20 ALBION Restor'd :

ALBION.

Hail, pitying Jove ! with grateful joy I own
Thy mighty aid hath sav'd my tott'ring throne.
Thou faithful man, thy fortitude and skill,
Has stem'd the torrent of oppressive ill ;

[To the Sage.

Has singly dar'd to stand in virtue's cause,
Thy merit justly claims from all applause :
Accept the honours ALBION's pow'r can give,
Thy name and virtues both immortal live !

[FAME and FORTUNE, at
ALBION's command, crown
the Sage with a laurel crown.

[Through a vifo is discovered
ENVY, she stabs herself, and
falls from a rock into the
sea.]

One of the Young Men sings:

A I R.

Hail glorious LIBERTY ! inspire
Our souls with thine immortal flame !

Fill

Fill all our breasts with big desire
To win eternal wreaths of fame.

In thy defence to live or die,
Be this our glory, this our aim,
For thee, we death with scorn defy,
Thou art the highest joy we claim.

CHORUS.

For thee we death with scorn defy, &c.

RECITATIVE.

MINERVA.

ALBION again restor'd to joy and peace,
Be now thy care these blessings to increase,
Let COMMERCE still thy happy borders know,
That source from whence alone thy blessings
flow;
Force her no more by threats to leave thy shore,
Recall her back to bless thy sons once more;
Cherish this maid, her safety be thy care,
For by her aid thou boundless wealth shall
share;

Fix'd

Fix'd by her power thy peace shall ne'er remove,
 Remotest realms shall court great ALBION'S
 love

ALBION.

To mighty Jove our altars now shall smoke,
 While humbly we'll his future aid invoke;
 Loud shouts of joy from ev'ry tongue shall rise,
 And incense breathe its odours to the skies,

A I R.

One of the young men.

Party rage and discord cease,
 Spread no more thy baleful pow'r;
 But to everlasting peace,
 Consecrate each future hour.

GRAND CHORUS.

Freedom alone expands the soul,
 And crowns with joy the sparkling bowl.

[The young warriors perform a
 dance, and in a warlike manner
 clasp their shields.]

[The dance ended, the curtain falls.]

F I N I S.



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